

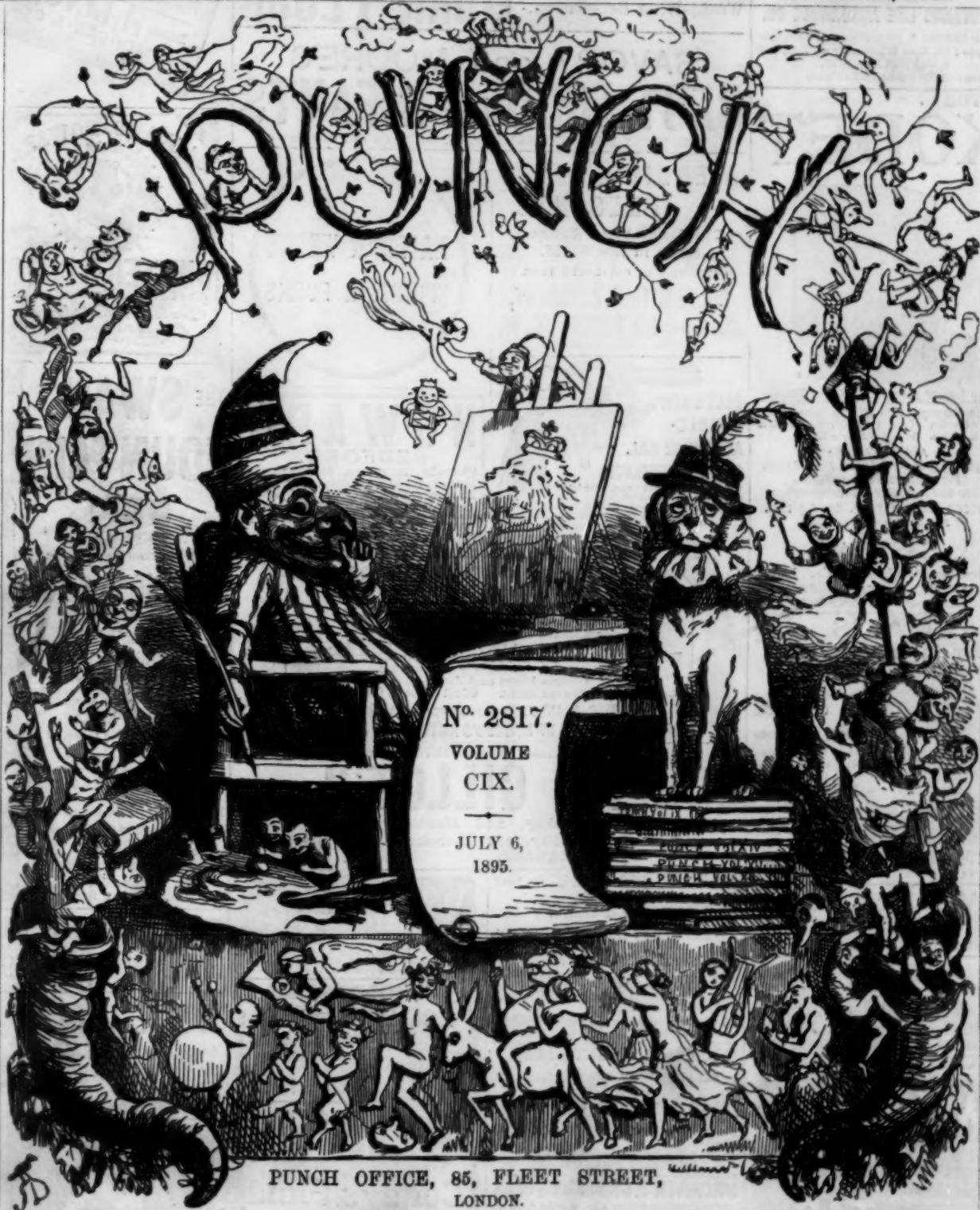
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## A PATH OF PEACE.

(The Baltic Canal, June 22, 1895.)

“Peace reigns over the whole fleet,” &c.—“Daily News” Special.]

A WORK of Peace, whereto from near and far  
Gather the iron-bosomed brood of war,  
Like new Stymphalian birds, whose claws and wings  
The warrior welcomes and the poet sings.  
Oh, gentle Peace, how strange in our strange day!  
Thy mailed retinue, thine armed array!  
Those flower-deck'd obelisks, that silken rope,—  
Bright illustrations of the Tales of Hope,—  
The royal speeches and the loyal cheers,  
Disguise misgivings as they silence fears.  
But Denmark's memories, and the thoughts of France,  
As through the stream that yacht's white bows advance,  
Breaking that slender cord from bank to bank,  
Might move reflections strange. Yet let us thank  
Adventurous skill which gives our ships to-day  
A shorter passage and a safer way!  
Not war alone, but trade, will take the track  
That shuns the wild and stormy Skager Rak;  
And may Brunsbuttel's now familiar name  
Be little linked with Empire's big War-Game  
May battle-echoes in the Baltic cease,  
And the Canal be a new Path for Peace

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

OUR B. A. (i.e., “Baron's Assistant”) beg to congratulate Mr. GERALD CAMPBELL very heartily on the success of *The Joneses and the Asterisks* (JOHN LANE). It is no easy task to write a story in a series of what may be called monological dialogues,—dialogues, that is to say, in which only one party speaks while the rest are understood,—and yet to keep that lightness of touch and that sparkle of wit without which dialogues become mere barren boredom. This is the task that Mr. CAMPBELL has brilliantly accomplished. *The Joneses and the Asterisks* is as keen and telling a piece of social satire as it has been the B. A.'s good fortune to come across for many a long day.

Thursday, June 27, Mid-day. The Baron opens ventilators, doors, windows. Then, at haphazard, he takes up a book. Its title, *What is heat?* . . . Answer immediately given by thermometer, “95° in the shade.” That's heat! And if that isn't, what is? The second title of book is, *A Peep into Nature's Most Hidden Secrets*. But the Baron is not *Paul Pry*; he doesn't want to peep; at all events he cannot undertake any exertion until about November, say, when he will be delighted to peruse the work of Mr. FREDERICK HOVENDEN, F.L.S., F.G.S., F.R.M.S.,—“Three single Fellows rolled into one.” “Let me descend to the ice-cellars, or in cool grot let me sit, with a soothing iced beverage and a choice Havannah; let me read there *About the North Pole*, and *Gunter's Tales of Ices*,” quoth the BURDENED BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

## SHAKSPEARE ON THE SITUATION.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus . . . . . Mr. CH-MB-RL-N.  
Tullus Aufidius . . . . . L-RD S-L-SB-RY.

Act IV., Sc. 4. Antium (Downing Street). Before Aufidius's House.

Cor. O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,  
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meals, and exercise,  
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love  
Unseparable, should, within this hour,  
On the dissension of a dot, break out  
To bitterest enmity: so, follest foes,  
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep,  
To take the one the other, by some chance,  
Some trick, not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,  
And interjoin their issues. So with me:  
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon  
This enemy town.

Auf. (entering, Sc. 5). Say, what's thy name?  
Cor. My name is CAIUS MARCIUS, who hath done,  
To thee particularly, and all the VOICES,  
Great hurt and mischief . . . Now, this extremity,  
Hath brought me to thy hearth.

Auf. O MARCIUS, MARCIUS!  
Each word thou has spoken hath weeded from my heart  
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter  
Should from yond' cloud speak divine things,  
And say, “'Tis true,” I'd not believe them more  
Than thee, all noble MARCIUS.—Let me twine  
Mine arms about that body, where against  
My grained ash a hundred times hath broke.

Auf. As hotly and as nobly with thy love  
As ever in ambitious strength I did  
Contend against thy valour. . . . Why, thou Mars! I tell thee  
We have a power on foot . . . O, come, go in,  
And take our friendly senators by the hands . . . .

Cor. You bless me, gods!  
Auf. Therefore, most absolute Sir, if thou wilt have  
The leading of thine own revenges, take  
The one half of my commission. But come in:  
Let me commend thee first to those that shall  
Say “Yea” to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!  
And more a friend than o'er an enemy;  
Yet, MARCIUS, that was much. Your hand! most welcome!

[Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

TONY'S MEM.—Wednesday, July 3.—“Dog Days begin.” Go down to coast. “My bark is on the sea!” Avoid going south for fear of the Muzzle-man.



IN THE SHADE.

Lord Roberts. "Who'd be a Minister!"

Sir W. F. Yeotin. "Who, indeed! What I wouldn't do it if they asked me!"



## HOW ROMANTIC!

She. "I SAY, THIS IS PRETTY AWFUL! POOR LITTLE MISS MESSUP!—IT SAYS HERE, THAT 'SHORTLY AFTER THE WEDDING SHE DISCOVERED HE WASN'T REALLY A BARON!'"  
 He. "WELL, THINK OF THE POOR JOHNNY WHEN HE FOUND OUT SHE WASN'T REALLY AN HEIRESS!"

## THE CANDIDATE'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Why do you desire to enter the House of Commons?

Answer. Because, if I am honoured by my fellow-men by being chosen to represent them, it is my ambition to serve them faithfully and maintain in all its glorious integrity the time-honoured heritage of this mighty empire.

Q. Yes, so you have said in your address to the electors; but have you no other reason for wishing to occupy a seat in Parliament?

A. Certainly. The prestige bestowed by the letters "M.P." is pleasing, and if the honour ultimately culminates in a baronetcy or a knighthood the distinction will be gratifying to my wife.

Q. Then you would not be adverse to receiving promotion in the line to which you have referred?

A. No; because I should consider that I acted merely as a trustee to my constituents—that I, in fact, appeared in the character of their personal representative.

Q. Yes, you said something of the sort the other evening at a canvassing meeting in reply to a question put to you by one of your voters; but surely the decoration would be desirable for some other consideration?

A. It undoubtedly would have a certain market value in the City in the eyes of promoters of public companies of limited liability.

Q. What measures have you taken to secure election beyond issuing the very admirable address to which I have, more than once, referred?

A. For the last two or three years I have assiduously nursed the constituency.

Q. What do you mean by nursing a constituency?

A. Obtaining a stake in the shape of land and a house in the division, and making myself generally popular amongst my fellow-ratepayers.

Q. How can you become popular?

A. By subscribing largely to local charities and institutions, laying foundation stones, and opening fancy bazaars with untiring energy.

Q. What considerations weigh with you when you are invited to add your name to a subscription-list?

A. I take care to make the sum I give a little larger than that contributed by my opponent, and take it as a general rule that lawn

tennis is of more importance than dispensaries, and polo, from a benevolent point of view, takes precedence of associations established to relieve dire distress.

Q. Is there any other method which may be adopted with advantage by those desirous of nursing a constituency?

A. Speaking frequently in assembly rooms, taking nursery gardens for the same purpose, and generally improving trade in the neighbourhood.

Q. Then the money paid for the hirings to which you refer is commercially popular?

A. It is, and (joined of course to the eloquence of my friends and myself) should distinctly influence the election.

Q. And should you be elected, what do you suppose you will have to do?

A. To thoroughly enjoy the honour of being able to treat the House of Commons as a club, and being asked by the leaders of my Party to all their entertainments. I shall see my name in every newspaper report when I have happened to take part in a popular function. I shall find that I have mounted the social ladder by leaps and bounds, and be able to pleasantrly patronise or cut direct those who now become my inferiors.

Q. And what consideration will support you in your general demeanour?

A. The conviction that all I do, and have done, is and has been actuated by the purest patriotism.

## "DALY NEWS! SPECIAL!"

ONCE again we welcome the return of Miss ADA REHAN, with JAMES LEWIS the Lively, and Mrs. GILBERT the Good, to DALY'S, in Leicester Square. But so short is their season, and so many are the pieces announced, that to take more than a snap-shot at any one of them is impracticable, seeing that the Daly changes are weekly. Ere anyone sees these lines AUGUSTIN DALY's train of thought will have passed over, and beyond them. *The Railroad of Love* will have served its purpose, and become a siding. *Two Gentlemen of Verona* will be travelling first-class on Shakespearian main line leading to *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which, with its fairy revels and its music, will represent the terminus of this short journey. When will DALY & CO. come to stay?

## THE SOMALIS AT SYDENHAM.

IN THE STABLES.

*Miss Simplicia Simpson* (looking at the native saddles on brackets). I suppose those are what they put on the ostriches!

*Her Companion.* They don't ride ostriches.

*Miss Simpson* (in a tone of pity and reproof). That only shows you've never read your *Swiss Family Robinson*!

*A Gobe-mouche.* Well, I never see a white lamb with a black 'ed before; that is a curiosity, ain't it?

*His Phlegmatic Friend.* Not arf such a curiosity as if it 'ad 'ad a black 'ed be'ind.

*A Censorious Lady* (before a row of baby elephants). Oh, aren't they horrid! Look at their horrid little eyes. (As one of them protrudes a predatory trunk.) Oh, get away, do! They are the most hideous creatures I've ever seen! Look at that one, all wrinkled and baggy like an old man. See, it's wagging its head about like a Chinese doll! I do think they're quite loathsome, don't you?

*Her Companion* (a more Tolerant Person). I daresay they wouldn't look so bad if they were varnished up a bit.

IN THE OSTRICH FARM.

*The Keeper* (who apparently considers his Show as moral as ARTEMUS WARD's—to the Public generally). I've come over here from California, whose golden waters kiss the mouth of her sunny sands, and where there air strawberries all the year round. On the farm where I live there were only fourteen days in all of last year when we had no strawberries. The most glorious climate in the world; and, if anyone don't believe it, all they've got to do is to die; and then, if they've been good, they'll go there, and find out for themselves. I'm not under contract to say a single word here, but I want to talk to you about these birds, because they're generally misunderstood. They walk entirely from the toe, which gives them the graceful, springy action you see. They air all named after the greatest people now living on earth. This one close to the rails is called JIM BLAKE. Mark well the peculiarities, life, habits, and characteristics of the ostrich, and you will all of you go away and lead a moral life. The only absolutely perfect being on this old universe is the bird now passing in front of me. Her name is GAIL HAMILTON, and she has the smallest feet of anyone here present, and the smallest head. She has only one ounce of brains inside of it, and that is sufficient for her requirements, and nobody would have any use for more if they did not suffer from swelled heads. . . . Yes, little girl, you're perfectly right—the ostrich does run zig-zag, which is a fact that is unknown to many scientific men. The kick of the ostrich is as quick as lightning—quicker 'n lightning, because you can see lightning, but you can't see an ostrich's kick, which is four kicks to the second, and kills a man every time. At certain seasons it is impossible to go among these birds except on horseback, and provided with a stout pole with a fork at the end for self-defense. All of these birds are here on sale, and there is a large demand for them for Gentlemen's Parks and Country seats.

*A Suburban Humourist* (to his Wife). What d'ye say to gettin' a pair on 'em for our back-yard, eh?

*His Wife.* 'Ow you do talk, ENERGY! 'Oo do you suppose is goin' to 'ang the washing out with two o' them great houtlandish beasts lollipoping around? Not me, and so I tell yer. I've enough work on my 'ands without no anstridges!

[She fans herself violently with her programme, and ENERGY is reduced to explain that his suggestion was not seriously intended.]

IN THE STANDS—DURING THE NATIVE DISPLAY.

*Mrs. Keyvere* (to her brother, Mr. FREDERICK FRIVELL, as the Somalis are performing a marriage dance). It seems a curious kind of wedding, doesn't it, FAED? Can you make out which are the bride and bridegroom?

*Mr. Frivell.* Fancy that's the bride in red cotton, with her hair down, prancing with maidenly gaiety between the first bridesmaid and the best man, while the bridegroom, becomingly draped in a bath-towel, may be observed capering up and down clapping hands with the officiating clergy. A simple but impressive ceremony.

*Mrs. Keyvere.* Very. I wonder if they get any wedding presents.

*Mr. Frivell.* Rather. The sportsman in the rusty wig gave 'em BROWNING's poems and an afternoon tea-kettle, and the Johnny with the feathers in his wool presented her with a dressing-bag. The photo-frames, card-cases and carriage-clocks are all laid out in one of the huts, according to the savage custom of the country, guarded by a detective in the disguise of a wedding guest, armed with poisoned spears.

*Mrs. Keyvere.* How silly you are! Look, they're rolling along a great wicker-basket. What can they have in it—the bride's luggage, perhaps? . . . Why, it's an enormous snake! See, it's crawling out!

*Mr. Frivell.* It's the bride's going-away dress, that's all. Some one ought to tell her that boas aren't worn this season, though.

*'Arrriet* (in the Sixpenny Promenade, to 'ARRY). What are they milking all that row about—are they supposed to be working, or what?

*'Arry* (vaguely). I expect they're declarin' war—against somebody or other.

*'Arrriet* (reflectively). I wonder if that little bit of 'air stickin' up grows out of that feller's 'ed like that. Look at all them little nippers runnin' about—(with an air of discovery)—I expect they belong to some of 'em.

[The Somalis perform a war-dance, which seems to consist in squatting down opposite one another in a double row, chanting "Razza-Ho! Ho-ho-ho!" or words to that effect, while two of the party dodge between the ranks and cluck like poultry, after which all rise, knock their wooden shields together until they lose further interest in the affair, and stroll away sated.

*Mrs. Keyvere.* Is that really their war-dance? It's very much the same as the marriage dance, isn't it?

*Mr. Frivell* (a contented bachelor). Yes; subtle beggars, these Somalis.

*'Arry* (during the Sham Fight). 'Arr at one on 'em 'owlin' "Oo-oo-oo!" he's took bad agen! Good ole Mop'Ed got one in that time! "Olla-olla-olla!"—he's sayin' the other bloke it 'im on the jor.

*'Arrriet.* There's one keeps sayin' "Pudd'n" as plain as possible. There agen—"Pudd'n!" d'ear 'im? They orter bring that young SHAZARDER chap to see this; he'd feel at 'ome 'ere, among all these Injians, wouldn't he? 'Arry. They ain't Injians—they're Afrikins, didn't you know that much?

*'Arrriet.* Oh, you're so picklicker, you are!

*Mrs. Keyvere* (during the Dromedary Race). How seasic one must feel on those wobbly camels!

*Mr. Frivell.* The Camel has been beautifully called the "Ship of the Desert."

*A Husband* (confidentially, to his neighbour). Yer know, the Missus ain't enjoyin' all this, she aint—you see. I'll ask her, and you 'ear what she sez. (To his "Missus.") 'Ow d'yer like it, eh, Mother?

*His "Missus"* (with self-repression). Oh—middlin'.

*Husband* (insistently). Ah, I know what that means; yer don't care about it. Now, do yer?

*His "Missus."* It's well enough—in its way. (With irrepressible candour.) I'd sooner see the Mowork Minstrels.

*Husband* (to his neighbour, with a mixture of chagrin and complacency). Didn't I tell yer? That's where it is. I don't know a more severer critick anywhere than what my ole woman is!

*Miss Simpson.* Look at those dear ostriches running after one another and opening their beaks. Now that's not imitation, you know!

*'Arry* (with his characteristic eye for analogy—as the entire caravan parades past in procession). There they are, yer see—Comin' 'Ome from Southend!

SMALL BY DEGREES AND BEAUTIFULLY LESS.—Our excellent contemporary the *Northern Whig* allows a correspondent to call attention to the nuisance of cycling in Malone Park. Apparently our "fellow-subjects of the sister kingdom" have followed the lead of "the beginners of Battersea," and "made themselves a source of annoyance to the majority of people resident in the locality." If "the nuisance" is permitted, the correspondent suggests the Park will soon be deserted. When this happens, the cyclist can appropriately alter his ride (by cutting off a letter) around Malone to Alone.



"There they are, yer see—Comin' 'Ome from Southend!"

## OPERATIC NOTES.

ANOTHER two "turns" and PATTI is off. Delightful to see and hear her as *Zerlina* in immortal Opera *Don Giovanni*. "Patti Patti" with "Batti Batti," "La ci darem," and all old friends admirably given and heartily encored. After one of the encores MAGGIE MACINTYRE walks off suddenly as if in search of lost pocket-handkerchief. In most serious moments ever a twinkle in MAGGIE's eye, and twitch at the corners of MAGGIE's mouth, as if giving audience clearly to understand that she is "only pertendin'."

Second Act. Enter PATTI; sings, pauses; wonders; sings note, like nightingale summoning mate; pauses; again wonders. "Some one had blundered!" BEVIGNANI beaming but bothered. "He cometh not," they said. Exit

PATTI, shrugging shoulders. Curtain drops. Very short Act. Audience, amused, applaud. Curtain up again. BEVIGNANI brightens. Re-enter PATTI with merry *Masetto*, who privately explains that for a few moments he had lost his voice and had been looking for it. Fortunately, voice found; in chest; quite safe. Surely a little modern dramatic polish might be used to furnish up utterly idiotic old-fashioned stage-business of this ancient Italian Opera? Eh, Signor DRURIOLANUS?

In the trio at end of Act II. somebody got off the line, and audience, determined that they would be better for a little more practice, called Ma'am ADINI, Miss MAGUIRE, and Master BROZEL before the curtain, and then made them go through their exercise once more. Nothing like practice, to make perfect.

The statuque *Commendatore* to be highly commended as represented by aristocratic MANNERS. New Italian Opera proverb "Manners makes the *Commendatore*." PATTI at premium. Royalty Restored to Box. Brilliant night. Crammed, jammed house.

In Lobby.—Much agitation among ancient Opera-goers on hearing report that MARIO is to sing here on Saturday afternoon. "MARIO!" they exclaim; "impossible!" Not at all: it turns out that this



Zerlina Patti accompanied by her Squire on the violoncello.

"MARIO" is a character in a new Opera by "ALICE MACLEAN" (pretty name, but nicer if it were "A WASH MACLEAN"), entitled *Petruccio* (not SHAKESPEARE's *Petruchio*), in which one *Mario* is "Elvira's little brother;" and so, possibly, he was quite an infant when sister *Elvira* was cruelly treated by *Don Giovanni*. Also in this new Opera appears "Elvira's mother." In fact, it is rather lucky for *Don* that he has gone below with *Stony Commendatore* to *Stony Stratford*, or elsewhere, as the talented *Elvira* family, with whom is associated *Rubino*, a gentleman "formerly betrothed to *Elvira*," would make it rather too hot for him.

Tuesday.—GLÜCK's *Orfeo*. "Gen'l'm'n," if overtaken with wine, as was *David Copperfield* on a notable occasion, would say, "G'luck t' you," that is, could any gentleman in such state be possibly admitted to *Covent Garden*, and could dare to address JULIA RAVOGLI, admirable as *Orfeo*. *Cavallerie* to follow.

Thursday.—Madame SEMBRICH nice as *Violetta Traviata*, "were t'other dear charmer away!" Very hot night. MANCINELLI must for once have wished himself a non-conductor? Result, MANCINELLI Melted.

Friday.—*Adelina Zerlina Patti*-cake and the *Im-Maurel Don G.* Why not in such hot weather give opera with ice in it; PATTI in skates on *Patti-neus*?

Saturday.—Welcome to Madame ALBANI, our Valentine in what WAGSTAFF calls "Lay Hug-me-nots." "Not bad title," he explains; "after crowd of ecclesiastics in swearing scene, pleasing to find two principal characters are 'lay': not 'lay-figures' but lovers

not permitted by hard Fate either to embrace each other or any opportunity of eloping together; so "Hug-me-not" curiously applicable." So far, WAGSTAFF. Strong cast this with GIULIA RAVOGLI as *Urbano* the page of music, MELBA as *Margherita* the Queen with the top-notes in her air; JUPITER-PLANCON as *Marcel*, TAM AGNO as *Hug-me-not Raoul*, and ANCONA as *Conte de Neversay-die*. Conducting orchestral army to victory, Marshal MANCINELLI is Merry and Meritorious.

## THE BOY AND THE BAT.

[Who may describe a small boy's passion for his bat? —*Daily News*.]

Jemmy Bilkins, aged Thirteen-and-a-half, loquitur: —

I've won it, BILL, I've won it! And it's proty nigh full size! Leastways, anyhow, it looks it. O, I tell yer, it's prize. Taller-backed, BILL, and cane-'andled, and its got a sort o' feel, As yer swing it wot reminds yer of a STODDART or a STEEL. Last Saturday as ever was I turned out afore six, And practised in our back yard, wiv three lumps o' deal for "sticks." Young POLLY she bowed to me, and I drove 'er, and I cut, And "swiped over the Pervilion"—which I mean our water-lutt. POLLY can do a fair round-arm for a girl and no mistke, And she'll 'ave you, middle-stumpo, if yer don't look wide awake. Twoes the day of our School Match, BILL, and our gaffer, Mister BLORE,

"Ad promised a cane-'andler to the boy as made top score. Oh I tell yer I meant 'aving it, if practisin' would do, But my bat 'ad split a lump off, and it seemed to it 'twas.

"Ow can yer 'keepa straight bat" when your bat itself aint straight? But we did our level best, BILL, me an' POLLY.

At our fate

Out at Petersham I tell you as we done the thing to rights, None o' yer 'at-an'-coat piles for the wickets, as is sights A cricketer cocks snook at, when 'e knows the *real* game. No penny injy-rubber and a club! Though, all the same, Wiv a second-'and stripped tennis-ball, a little on the lop, Or even a ha'penny woodeny, an' the chump end of a mop, And my jacket on a stick for stump, I've 'ad a lot of fun, And wiv such on Godling Green, BILL, I just larned to 'it an' run. But to-day we did it different. Real stumps was pitched O. K., We'd a scorin'-sheet, and umpire! We'd a red new ball to play, As it seemed a sin to slog at, 'cos it took the poopy out; But I tell yer we forgot that wiv the fust good 'it and shout.

Lanky STEVE 'e made that 'it, 'e did. It scooted past long slip, At forty mile a hour or so. That STEVE can make 'em skip. He tops me by a 'ed, too, and I feared he'd cop the bun. Yus, I thought the Bat was his'n when he'd piled up twenty-one! I wanted fanning, BILLY, when I ups and takes my block, And the ball came thunderin' at me like a little earthquake shock. Seemed hevverwhere, yet nowhere, if you understand me, BILLY. And pitched just in that orkud spot as always knucks yer tilly. Coming off the pitch like pickles, as though aiming at yer heye; But I pull myself together for a volley, an' let fly. And fust thing I knowed I heard it busting 'ard agin the fence; And I felt I'd scored a boundary, and the cheering wo' emense.

Then BILLY I lammed into 'em! They came as easy then As little POLLY's easiest lobs. BILLY, they called *hus* "Men!" "The next man in was BILKINS," the reporter sez—that's me! "An' e's a young phernomenon, a infant W. G. Who piled his quarter-century in fair Doctorial form!"— Just fancy! But them scribbling chaps can pile it thick and warm. I won that Bat 'owever with a score of twenty-five, And POLLY—in the Press-tent!—was the 'appiest girl alive. While as for me! O BILLY, when I drawed it from the baize, Caught the whiff of the fresh willow!—well the world looked all a haze.

If "the Doctor" feels much 'appier when his Testimonial comes—Well, though 'e's the pet of England, me a urchin from the slums, I just guess he'll understand me! Ony wish I'd got a bob To send the *Telygraph*, BILL. I should soon be on the job. Ain't GRACE a 'Oly Stunner; and the Pride o' the Pervilion? Well I 'ope 'is Testimonial will run up to a Million!!! And when he makes his next "Century" may I be there to see!—Wich the Master says he'll take me, now I'm called "Young W. G."

HOW TO FIX THE HAPPY DAY.—Q. When's the best day for a wedding? A. Why, of course, "A Weddin's day."



## UNLUCKY SPEECHES.

*Host.* "YOU'LL HAVE A NICE DRIVE HOME!"  
*Guest.* "YES; THAT'S THE BEST OF IT!"

## DRESS À LA PREMIÈRE MODE.

(A Dialogue Pastoral and Sartorial.)

SCENE—A Boudoir. PRESENT—A Lady and her Modiste. TIME—The passing hour.

*Modiste.* No, Madame, it is utterly impossible for you to wear silks and satins. They have quite gone out.

*Lady.* But haan't alpaca come in a little?

*Modiste.* Scarcey. It may be used for divided skirts at Battersea Park, but it is not really recognised.

*Lady.* Then what am I to wear?

*Modiste.* Flowers, Madame, flowers. Of course they should be fixed on foundations, but they are the only materials used at the present time.

*Lady.* Are they not rather expensive?

*Modiste.* Well, no. I shall not charge more for them than velvet or brocade. And, of course, if you choose to wear your dresses more than once, your maid can get them renovated with new flowers at an almost-fabulous reduction.

*Lady.* I do not think a gown ever looks well when worn a second time.

*Modiste.* Quite so, Madame; quite so. Well, would you like a charming dress of pink hyacinths, with bishop's sleeves of Gloire de Dijon roses? The skirt would be of variegated lilac.

*Lady.* But could you get the material for the floral combination?

*Modiste.* Oh dear yes, Madame! Since the fashion for real flowers has come in we are

supplied daily from all parts of the world, and have a large stock always at hand on the premises. Why, our greenhouses are the finest in London. Will you want any other costume to-day?

*Lady.* Only one for a small dance tomorrow. I want something cool and quiet.

*Modiste.* You can scarcely do better than wear a costume d'Eden, or as it is facetiously termed in England, "a dress for Eve." It is an arrangement in oak leaves and apples à la mode de la première femme du monde.

*Lady.* Very well. Let me have it home by eleven.

*Modiste.* You can depend upon my punctuality, Madame. If you are careful not to dance too much it will last until 2 A.M., and permit of your partaking of supper. I would not say this with confidence of all the gowns I turn out, but in this instance you will find leaves stronger than flowers. And now, Madame, permit me to take your measure.

[Scene closes in upon mysteries of the toilet.

## AFTER THE CONGRESS WAS OVER.

(A Strange Fragment dealing with a Mystery.)

EVERY important question that could be considered had been thoroughly examined and decided. The delegates, who had come from North, South, East and West, had expressed their satisfaction with everything they had seen in London. As for the British Empire generally, their admiration knew no bounds. "It was magnificent." "It was beautiful." "It was grand." And yet when they prepared to take their departure there was a shade of disappointment upon their expressive countenances.

"I wish I could have understood it," said one. "It would have been a triumph of ingenuity to have comprehended it," observed another.

"The queries of the Egyptian Sphinx were the easiest of conundrums, in comparison," added a third.

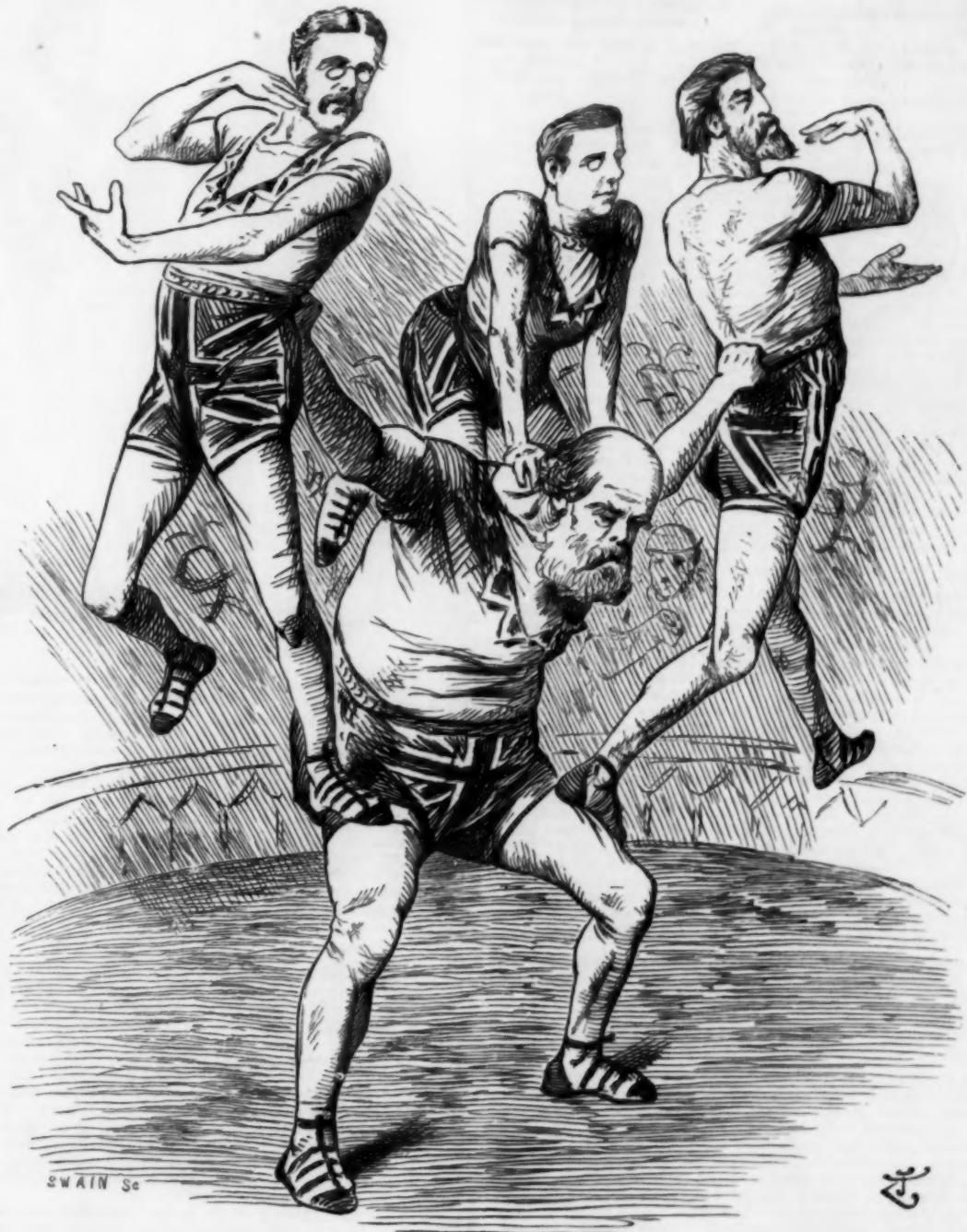
And others chimed in to the same effect. But to the very last the delegates tried their best to solve the problem. At length the company departed. The hall in which the great assembly had been held was empty. There was one striking object in the deserted apartment. It was a book—yellow-covered book. Evidently it had been much read. But, in spite of the fingering, there was no distinct evidence that the full meaning of its contents had been grasped by anyone.

In the quiet of the night the moonbeams illuminated the title-page.

The volume that rested so securely with its knowledge carefully concealed between its paper covers was *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*.

WHO WOULDN'T BE AN ALDERMAN?—I have often wished to be an Alderman, and, after reading the following extract from the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, I have fixed upon West Bromwich as the scene of my aldermanic labours. It must be glorious to joke with such ease!—

"A WEST BROMWICH ALDERMAN'S JOKE.—Yesterday morning when the West Bromwich guardians entered the Board Room at the West Bromwich Workhouse, the blinds were all drawn, and as a consequence the room presented a very gloomy appearance. The business was about to be commenced, when Alderman R. WILLIAMS objected to the blinds being lowered. He inquired whether their lowering had a political significance, and whether the house was in mourning for the death of the Radical Government. If his assumption was true he considered they should not commence the business until the blinds were raised. (Laughter.) Two of the largest blinds were then raised, but six others were allowed to remain down."



### THE GREAT POLITICAL COMBINATION TROUPE.

S-L-SB-RY (THE STRONG MAN), B-LF-R, DUKE OF D-V-NSH-RE, AND JOE CH-MB-RL-N (THE "CLIMBING BOY").





OMNISCIENCE.

*Son of the House.* "I'M GOING TO OXFORD FOR A WEEK, MARY, SO MIND AND SEND MY LETTERS THERE. YOU KNOW WHERE OXFORD IS?"  
*Mary Elizabeth Jane* (the smart new Parlourmaid who knows everything). "YES, SIR. CAMBRIDGE, OF COURSE!"

## ROUNDAABOUT READINGS.

SOME of us like our English short, others prefer it expanded. Some of us, for instance, might say that "NERO fiddled while Rome burnt." But this bald statement is obviously quite unsuited to the decorative instincts of the age, for in the *Daily Telegraph*, only last week, I read that "a notorious Roman Emperor is credited with the performance of a violin solo during the raging of a serious conflagration in the heart of his capital." The omission of Nero's name gives to this sentence a delicate parliamentary flavour, which brings it absolutely up to date.

BUT what a noble example it is! Henceforward, for instance, if it should ever fall to my lot to write about HENRY THE EIGHTH of England, I shall feel a mere fool if I state that he married seven wives. No, no. A British monarch, celebrated in the books of the historians as the Eighth, and hitherto the last of his name, is reported, on the authority of the Ecclesiastical registers of his time, to have entertained so warm and overpowering an affection for the conubial condition commonly known as matrimony, as to have entered into it with a comparatively light heart on as many occasions as would equal the sum-total of predecessors bearing his name who have supported the burden of the crown of these realms. For a very slight increase of salary I am prepared to double the length of this sentence without adding a single fact to it.

HERE, too, is a delightful extract from a gorgeously illustrated volume issued by a firm of house-agents in praise of what they very properly term "an imposing structure in red brick." "It is difficult," they declare (and after reading their description one can well believe it) "to conceive a more replete Town Mansion, embodying such artistic and delicate schemes of decoration, one where wealth has wrought such a revelation of harmonious and fitly fitments, or where the studious consideration of the minutest detail contributing to health, enjoyment and comfort has been more completely manifested. This, combined with its advantageous position removed from any main thoroughfare with its accompanying turmoil, renders it a perfect dwelling and an idealistic London Home."

No more by White Star or by  
 Guion  
 I leave my native land to roam.  
 I've purchased and I occupy an  
 Idealistic London Home.  
 Last year my London I to quit  
 meant;  
 But now, with all an owner's  
 pride,

I gaze upon each fitly fitment,  
 And, lo, desire for flight has  
 died.  
 Place me where schemes of deco-  
 ration [increase,  
 Give both to Art and Health  
 Where Wealth has wrought a  
 Revelation —  
 I ask no more, I rest in peace.

NEXT let us contemplate a pure gem of descriptive English from a sporting contemporary. It occurs in an account of the athletic contest between Cambridge University and the United Hospitals:—

Scarcely a cloud flecked the blue heaven yesterday afternoon, and a dazzling sky burnished the Stamford Bridge grounds into an acre of reflected sunshine. What a pleasant spot the tryst of the premier athletic club on which to hold athletic revels! It was not to be expected that the people would show a front at the carnival. So much to do nowadays, what with cycling at Hurlingham, and the Beauty wheel show on the Row in Battersea Park. Equal to the occasion though proved many English girls, and it was pleasing indeed to note their presence in the pavilion and enclosures. Bold as Britannia as a rule in this, the nineteenth century. And don't forget this, innocent as a posy all the while.... Think of this now. W. MENDLESOX (C.U.A.C.), but by birth a New Zealander, figuratively speaking, gazed on the ruins (long jump ruins, of course) of Britishers at Stamford Bridge. It was with a quickened pulse that one watched the Hurdle Race. 'Pon our soul 'twas a difficult problem to solve a few steps from home to tell which would win, PILKINGTON or LOWE. The flag went up for the visitor from the banks of the Cam. Nevertheless, no one can assert but that the medical banner remained hoisted at the truck in honour of their representatives. Gallant seconds!... Of course H. A. MUNNO gave us a taste of his quality in the Three Miles. Verily he ran as though able to keep up pacing from sunrise to sunset. 'Twas a glorious victory that he gained. Neither must the plucky bid made by HORAN be forgotten. Ah! if he had only been MUNNO! But he wasn't, so there was no use in thinking about that.

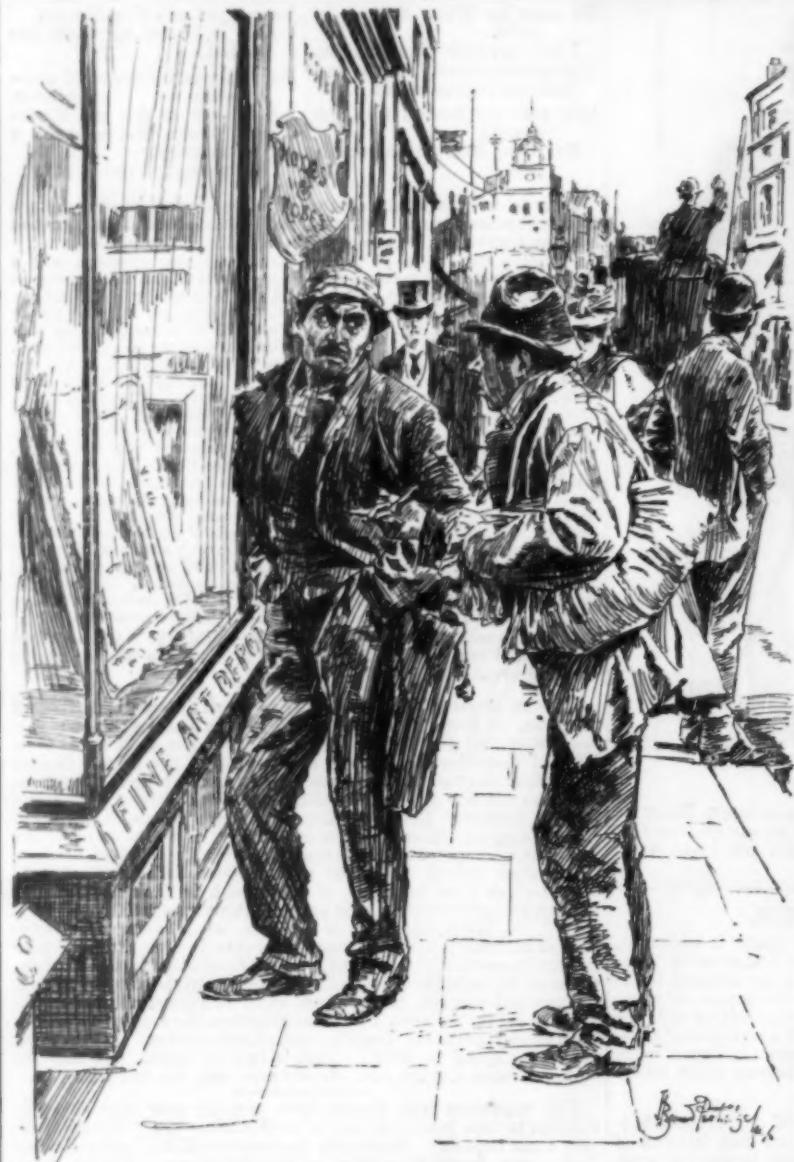
How melancholy are these might-have-beens. If NAPOLEON had only been WELLINGTON. But he wasn't. So there was no use in thinking about that.

HENLEY Regatta, I understand, is to be an international festival this year. A Dutch crew has entered for the Thames Cup, but it is not stated that they carry a broom in their bows. Nor is it to be inferred that they will make a clean sweep of the prize. Besides many English crews they will meet a crew from France. Then from Toronto come four Argonauts sailing not for the Golden Fleece, but for the Stewards' Challenge Cup; and from Ithaca, N.Y., eight modern Trojans, undergraduates of Cornell University, have set out intent on the capture of the Grand Challenge Cup. To all of them Mr. Punch extends the right hand of good fellowship, though, being British to the backbone, he cannot wish for their triumph over his own gallant oarsmen. And amongst these he especially welcomes Mr. C. W. KENT, the Hero of Leander, who, having four times stroked his crew to victory, is once more seated on the slide of honour to defend possession of the Grand,—KENT, the pride of joyous Moulsey, whom at his birth the Fates endowed with the triple gifts of cunning, resources and courage, bidding him wield an indomitable oar in undefeated crews. As when a fox, emerging from the tangled covert—But I cannot pursue the Virgilian method any further. Let the event next week speak for itself. Here's luck all round, and may the best crew be an English one. In any case, may the best crew win.

THE gentlemen from Cornell have brought over with them, in addition to their boats and oars, a terrible battle-cry, "Cornell, yell, yell, I yell Cornell." Manifestly the members of the London Rowing Club cannot model themselves on this, for to cry, "London, done, done, I'm done, London" would, I trust, be as inappropriate as it would certainly be discouraging.

My recent investigations into the condition of some of our great provincial cities lead me to the depressing belief that something is always wrong with some of their streets. Here, for instance, is "NEMO" writing to the *Manchester Guardian* to complain that "on Saturday evening the Bury New Road was filthy, whilst the odour was equal to that of the Ship Canal, but different. Formerly there seemed to be an effort made to have the road brushed up on Friday ready for Saturday and Sunday, when thousands of well-dressed and happy people—Jew and Gentile—promenade it on their way to breezy Kersal Moor." But why, may I ask, should there be no well-dressed and happy Christians promenading on their way to Kersal Moor? It may be that they have followed "our local representatives," who, "NEMO" suggests, "are enjoying their holidays, or are immersed in golf," which I take to be a delicate euphemism for bunkered.

A LATE-AT-NIGHT RIDDLE.—Q. Why is it probable that the supper provided by the Royal Academicians for their guests at their *sorée* would be chiefly or entirely vegetarian? A. Because all the dishes are "R. A. dishes."



## THE TRUE TEST.

First Screever (stopping before a Pastel in a Picture dealer's window). "ULLO 'ERBERT, LOOK 'ERE! CHALKS!"

Second Screever. "AH, VERY TRICKY, I DESSAY. BUT YOU SET THAT CHAP ON THE PIVEMENT ALONGSIDE O' YOU AN' ME, TO DROK 'ARF A SALMON AN' A NEMPTY 'AT, AN' WHERE 'UD 'E BE?" First Screever. "AH!"

[Except ambo.

## SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

Is it well to temper justice with jokes? This important question has been settled in the affirmative in many courts of law, but it has been left for his Honour, Judge Edge, to use his own name (instead of somebody else's) in the playful manner requisite to excite "laughter in the Court." A solicitor recently took upon himself to argue with his Honour in the Plymouth County Court a question of costs in respect of a case heard some months since. He conducted his argument with much warmth and inaccuracy. This combination

of bad law and bad temper enabled the Judge to score an easy victory. "Stand down," said his Honour; "if you play with edged tools you must pay for it." Thus triumphed the Law and the Judge, and once more "unquenchable laughter arose amongst the blessed gods" up in the gallery.

THE British earthquake has been sadly neglected. Therefore Mr. CHARLES DAVISON, M.A., F.G.S., of Birmingham, is writing a *History of the British Earthquakes of the Nineteenth Century*. With a view to add to the completeness of this work, he has appealed

to the readers of the *Western Daily Mercury* for "notices of British earthquakes, either past or future, of any kind and from any place whatever." He specially desires to become acquainted with earthquakes "of which descriptions appear in the local press, or entries are made in private diaries." All local papers should at once start a special earthquake column—"Earthquakes Day by Day," or "Yesterday's Earthquakes"—and writers of diaries would do well to dive into the past. There are so many remarkable phenomena not otherwise recorded. Here is one. "Dined with Brown last night. Insisted on walking home, instead of taking Brown's advice and a cab. Had not gone far when strange thing happened. Pavement suddenly upheaved and hit me violent blow on forehead. Fell prostrate. Taken home in dazed condition by friendly policeman. No time to observe effect of earthquake on adjoining houses. Shook very short, but exceedingly severe. In bed all day. Large bruise on forehead. Headache, &c." There must be many interesting entries of this kind in diaries which will afford valuable material for Mr. DAVISON's work. As to "notices of future earthquakes," which he requests, perhaps the Meteorological Office, the Geological Society and Zadkiel will kindly oblige with probable dates and other information.

WIZARD AND WITTLES.—Long life to the Glasgow Sir Walter Scott Club! It "promotes the study of Sir WALTER's life and writings, and encourages a more familiar acquaintance with the localities rendered classic by his pen." Ninety members set off the other day to Edinburgh, and drove in four-in-hands to the "beechy grove" at Melville Castle, the Esk and DRUMMOND's Hawthornden, and then on to the castle and chapel at Roslin. Lunch at Dalkeith, dinner at the Balmoral Hotel at Edinburgh, and back rejoicing at eventide to Glasy, "after the happiest and most successful excursion in the history of the club." This is the way to keep up the dignity of literature. Far better than knighthoods! An excursion "under the presidency of the genial Sheriff SPENS," too; no Sheriff SAVES this time; and a dinner at the Balmoral to wind up—it's a Talisman to make the heart of Midlothian leap up!

A MUSICAL TREAT. A PRONOUNCEMENT AND A HINT.—Herr NIKIECH's performance is so brilliant, and has so much real fire in it, as to have given rise to the suggestion that, to express the *diablerie* of his effects, both syllables of his name should be short, and that his style should be henceforward known as the "Old Nickish" manner. When the chance recurs, go and hear the symphony by TSCHAICKOWSKY. Only be prepared. To pronounce this name correctly you must take pungent snuff and sneeze violently while trying to utter the word "Whisky." Take care to have a medical man ready at hand; also a tailor, with needle, thread, and buttons.

FROM the *South Wales Daily News*:

A Groom, Coachman, or Groom-Gardener, A plain; wife good Cook; or otherwise, if required. Good references.

"Or otherwise, if required," is delicious. She would be a bad cook or an indifferent one "if required." So convenient!

## Half-and-Half.

(After Reading some recent Political Speeches.)

ALTHOUGH in the queer Party story  
There's many a turn, and many a twist;  
'Tis strange to see JOSEPH half Tory,  
And SALISBURY half Socialist!

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 24.—Back to-day from the booming Baltic to wan Westminster. Given up the company of Kings



Jesse, the Pilot-Engine, clears the Line!

and Queens which formed Don CURRIE's daily fare; descended to level of Commons. And what a state of things to come back to! Less than a fortnight ago, with House in almost comatose state. Even the Busy B's had ceased to hum. TANNER no longer disturbed at hour of midnight by poignant curiosity as to when the Doak would retire. SILOMIO, his head bandaged after latest buffeting by EDWARD GREY and SIDNEY BUXTON, temporarily silent. ALPHUS CLOPHAS for awhile content with management of House by "my right hon. friend the CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER." In a moment, in the twinkling of ST. JOHN BRODRICK's eye, crisis and chaos come. Ministry blown up with charge of cordite, surreptitiously brought in; concealed under Front Opposition Bench; fired in the dinner hour.

"Cordite?" said TOMLINSON. "What is this cordite they're all talking about? Thought it was something they made trousers of."

"No, no," said PRIVATE HAMBURY, up in all military matters. "You're thinking of corduroy."

House crowded from furthest bench of side galleries to gangway steps on floor. A buzz of excitement completes fullness of chamber. Only two empty seats. These on front benches, where SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and PRINCE ARTHUR were wont to face each other. JOSEPH's seat below gangway filled by COURTNEY, who, in honour of occasion, has put on a white waistcoat and a smile. Wears both throughout proceedings. A loud cheer welcomes arrival of PRINCE ARTHUR looking graver than usual. Three minutes later another rings forth, and the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD enters with slow step and countenance set, suitable to the obsequies of an assassinated Ministry. JESSE COLLINGS comes in; startled by cheer from Irish Members.

"JOE's not far off," said TIM HEALY, grimly. "In times like these sends JESSE on ahead, like the pilot-engine that goes before CZAR's train. If there were any murderous plot on hand, by JUSTIN McCARTHY or any other brigand, the blameless figure of JESSE would be blown into space, and JOSEPH would proceed on his journey with his hair unsinged."

On stroke of half-past three SQUIRE OF MALWOOD made formal announcement of familiar fact that Government had resigned; THE MARKISS had been sent for; Ministers kept their places only till their successors were appointed.

"I would ask leave to say," the SQUIRE, with unwonted tremor in his voice, observed, bringing to close his brief,

business-like speech, "that for every man who has taken part in the noble conflict of Parliamentary life, the chiefest of all ambitions, whether in a majority or in a minority, must be to stand well with the House of Commons."

How in this respect the Leader of the House through two Sessions of peculiar difficulty stands with both sides, testified to by a ringing cheer, repeated when PRINCE ARTHUR, who always does these things well, voiced the common feeling as he recognised in the blushing SQUIRE "one of the greatest ornaments of this House."

"That's all very well, TOBY," said the SQUIRE, when I offered him my congratulations on deliverance from a situation long become intolerable. "You put it prettily. But I hope the experience of the last fortnight will be a lesson to you. You hadn't been gone a week and two days when the cordite bomb was exploded. Never forget what you must have learned in your nursery kennel:

When the dog's away  
The rats will play."

All business set aside. All Bills dropped save Seal Fisheries. This Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES, master of himself though Ministers fall, proceeds to discuss as calmly as if nothing had happened. Whilst other Members already have their eyes on their constituencies and their faces towards the door, TOMMY, buttonholing Time as it were with his hooked arm, leisurely discusses the close season for Seal Fishing.

*Business done.*—The Government's.

*Tuesday.*—House met again, expecting further particulars about the Ministerial crisis. Benches full, but not so crowded as yesterday. Again the SQUIRE, PRINCE ARTHUR, and JOSEPH absent. The two latter not expected. When they reappear they will sit side by side on Treasury Bench. But where was the SQUIRE?

Preliminary business finished. House waiting for next move. Must be made by SQUIRE. Where was he? Members tossed about on seats. All eyes strained towards space behind SPEAKER's chair, whence Ministers approaching Treasury Bench emerge. Minutes passed; SQUIRE still tarried. Horrible rumour that cordite had done fresh stroke of work. FREDERICK MILNER said he distinctly heard sound of explosion in neighbourhood of room of Leader of House. Another report was that SQUIRE had been kidnapped, shipped off to distant colony by direction of now SECRETARY OF STATE. Whilst probability of these wild guesses balanced, SQUIRE entered, whole and hale. Had been waiting to hear from THE MARKISS. Nothing had come, so must adjourn.

*Business done.*—House adjourned.



THEIR NEW SUITS.

Admiral G-ack-n. "Oh, I say, Joey old man, what a comical costume! It does make me laugh!"

Colonial Ch-imb-ri-n. "Well, hang it, Jokey old boy, you can't say much!"

*Wednesday.*—All settled: SQUIRE announces that MARKISS has undertaken to form new Ministry. Writs moved for elections to fill vacancies consequent on acceptance of office. Amongst them West Birmingham, JOSEPH having undertaken to care for the Colonies. Prospect of "Our JOE" as SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE affectionately calls him, sitting in Cabinet Council with THE MARKISS, strangely moves House. Irish Members in particular give vent to feelings in view that forebode lively times for new Minister.

House lost crowded appearance of earlier days of week. Interest already transferred to constituencies. GORE among absentees. SARK looking for him everywhere. Been reading article in magazine where GORE writes:—"A lady resident in East London informed me that she once knew a man who was attending fourteen doctors at the same time. The man died."

SARK wants to know what was the matter with the doctors? Why the man was attending them? And whether this is cited as case of overwork, or of death resulting from infectious disease?

The worst of SARK is that his curiosity is almost feminine in its intensity.

*Business done.*—Foundation stones of new Ministry laid.

*House of Lords, Thursday.*—Quite a crowded House. THE

MARKISS, not seen in his place since he became Prime Minister, now there faced by ROSEBERRY. Large attendance and eager interest explained by attempt to purloin Seals of SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR. In dim and distant future this likely to rank with the Diamond Necklace Affair. SARK, who has been reading Radical newspapers on incident, tells me all about it.

As soon as Vote of Censure passed on CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, MARKISS became possessed of uncontrollable passion for instant possession of his seals of office. How was it to be done? CAWMELL a Scotchman: not easy to get loose property out of his grip. MARKISS, instinct with influences of spacious times of Queen ELIZABETH, not to be trifled with. Clapped his hands. Enter faithful henchman, one SCHOMBERG. A stoutly-built man of Herculean strength, bowed legs, grizzled beard, short thick hair like hand-spikes standing up above pair of ears resembling nothing so much as Tower Bridge when, in opening, either flap stands out at angle of forty-five degrees. A certain piquancy given to his features by front tooth protruding like tusk of wild boar.

"SCHOMBERG," said THE MARKISS, hoarsely, "I want CAWMELL-BANNERMAN'S Seals. His address is 8, Grosvenor Place, S.W. He comes home late, with a latch-key. Take twenty stout fellows, as like yourself as the country produces. Await his coming. Take the Seals. If he resists, a slit weasand will scarcely be noticed in a population of (according to the last census) 4,349,166. But bring the Seals."

That is SARK's idea of the episode after reading the papers. THE MARKISS's version differs in some details.

*Business done.*—THE MARKISS, challenged by ROSEBERRY, says new Ministry have no policy at present. However, since ROSEBERRY seems anxious on point, will send over to WHITELEY's and see what can be done.



Cap'n Tommy Casabianca Bowles.



SUNDERED LIVES.

Bertie. "I THOUGHT YOU TWO NEVER MET WITHOUT KISSING, ANYTHING THE MATTER? THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER!"  
Muriel. "No, you silly! HATS!"

#### A DISCOVERY IN LIQUEURS.

SIR,—You remember Mr. Squeer's system of theoretical and practical teaching, "W-i-n-d-e-r-s." Go and clean 'em"? Of course you do; and if the quotation is not letter perfect, it is its "spirit," which is more suited to my present theme, at all events. Well, Sir, "them's my principles." Accordingly, after reading your advice as to taking a Summer Sunday trip to Calais and back by *Calais-Douai*, or one of the large boats in L. C. and D. service, I acted upon it, and went. The *trajet* was simply perfect! Such weather! Sea so calm! Breeze refreshing! Company distinguished! Commander WATERLEBLED, and First Lieutenant CARINI, with all hands, waiting to give us (at a price as fair and moderate as the Channel breeze on this occasion) excellent refreshment. But to sing their praise is not my point; they do their duty, and pay it too, as we *voyageurs* have to do, on cigars, teas, and tobacco. I had time to refer to hotel's list of wines and liqueurs, and among the latter there appeared a name which brought tears to the eyes of the wanderer far from his English home; and that name, Sir, coming after "Kummel, and Marasquin, and Whisky," was "Old Tom-Gim"—"Tom Gim" with an "m." How far superior to "Gin" with an "n." It brought to mind early days of catechism, "M. or N. as the case may be." This was a case of liqueurs. How preferable the soft liquid "m" to the less soft "n" in making "Gin" into "Gim"! And how much one would like to alter the spelling, and make it "Old Tom Jim." Would he not be seized upon by a French librettist as the very name, *par excellence*, for a typical Ancient English Mariner in an opera? Don't you see it? "Capitaine John Smith; First Mate Old Tom Jim" with song (nautical). *Vive Gim!* Now, with my discovery, I regain the good ship, and, once aboard the lugger . . . by the way, there is an eighteen-penny tax now levied by the French on those who land at Calais. *Happy Thought. Don't land!*" But, *Unhappy Thought*, if we don't land in the *pas-de-Calais*, the result will be *pas de déjeuner*. So—"bang goes six-pence," for "We don't kill a pig every week."

Yours, THOMAS LE VIEUX.

P.S.—And another one-and-sixpence extra on landing at Dover! All the "fun of the fare," eh?

## DUTY, NOT HAPPINESS, IS THE TRUE OBJECT OF LIFE.

What Commands the Admiration and Homage of Mankind?—Character and Sterling Honesty of Purpose.

# THE FATHER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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"BOOK THAT FOR ME."

Life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPOREAL, 19th Hussars, May 26, 1893.—Mr. J. C. ENO."

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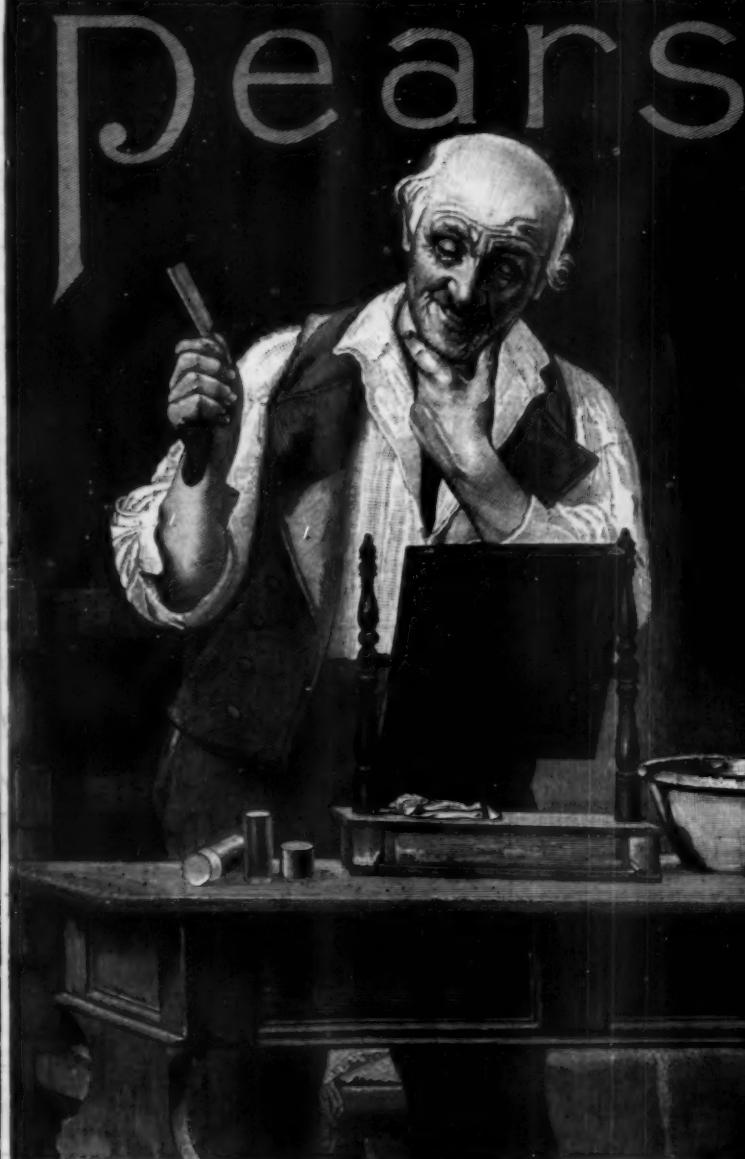
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